

## bedrock

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by [towerofthegods](#)

### Summary

Sometime after George finally -- *finally* -- moves into the Official Dream Team Pad (dubbed by Sapnap), but before the infamous sock-on-the-door rule (insisted upon by Sapnap), George and Dream discover their version of cuddling with the homies.

or; dream likes to dirty talk. george likes to listen.

### Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

“Yeah, this is definitely weird.”

“It is not,” Dream scoffs, “*weird*, George.” He shuffles around, scooting back further into the corner and giving George a bit more breathing space. “Look, before you got here, me and Sapnap would do stuff like this, too! It’s normal!”

“Mm,” George hums flatly, tossing Dream an unimpressed look over his shoulder. “That sounds like a you and Sapnap issue, then. Sorry I can’t be him.” He curls his fingers into a heart and cracks them apart. The imaginary twitch chat in his brain subsequently cancels Dream for his crimes against him.

Dream sighs, world-weary. “George.” He pauses, then hooks an arm around George’s middle. “*George*. We handle problems as a team. We’re the Dream Team.” And he grins, snake-bite and beseeching -- before tugging George more firmly against his chest.

"Dream!" He squirms, which quickly devolves into half-hearted wiggling as the pliancy of the cushions siren-soothes him to sink in. Sometimes -- *sometimes*, they put their collective money to good use. Between the three of them, they own approximately three towels, no hammers or measuring tape, no curtains; they've been out of AA batteries for over two weeks, resulting in an unspoken (but mutual) cable television strike. George can list, with ease, every single thing in their fridge in less than ten seconds.

A nice couch, they had all agreed, was imperative.

After a lazy attempt at extraction, George just sighs, letting Dream's laugh skitter up his spine and push against his hair. "You're so annoying," he complains.

"Whatever you say, George." A grin is pushed against the side of his neck, and George struggles to ignore the lightning sparking through his ribs. "Are you ready to play your dumb game?"

Despite himself, George shifts further into Dream to get comfortable, settling against his chest and ignoring the fluttering of his pulse when Dream's breath catches against his ear. "It's literally the same game we always play."

"But *worse*," Dream insists, voice a physical thing that vibrates from his chest and hotly against George's neck. He shifts again, feeling suddenly antsy. It's weirder, he thinks, to pull away at this point, yeah? But there's a tight line of tension crawling through his ribs, pinning him through his middle and whispering *flight, flight, flight*.

Absentmindedly, Dream curls a hand against his waist as if to still George, fingers lazily dragging against his hipbone. "You're going to be punished for cheating on our beloved Java, George." It's completely lighthearted, voice tugging with exaggerated emphasis -- comparatively more innocent than other comments made during certain Manhunt videos. But George's brain stutters and halts, fizzing wildly around the word *punishment* like he's fifteen and has just seen his first bra. *This is... so dumb*.

"Whatever, Dream," George responds after a stilted beat, mind still rebooting. He starts fidgeting with the Switch menu, letting the clicking of the UI fill the space where his usual quips would go. After a moment, he boots Minecraft, calmed by the familiar load-up. "It's actually a genius idea. Because the computer is like -- our work space now." Gaining confidence, he cranes his head back, nearly losing his train of thought when his cheek grazes against Dream's warm skin. "And... and this isn't work." Dream's eyes trap his, dark and intense and leaving his head spinning in dizzy spirals. Something low in his stomach shivers.

"No," Dream agrees, jagged. He flicks his eyes back toward the screen, unfreezing George in the process. "This is fun." His fingers grind a little firmer against George's hip, pressure there and gone too quick to comprehend. "You should start the game."

"Right," George jolts, head whipping back to the screen and fingers jamming at the New World options, scanning through all the details in a blur. "Are you sure you don't want to play?"

Dream hums in thought, a rumble against George's spine. "Nah," he says. "Just want to watch you."

George coughs, flush crawling up his face as less-than-decent thoughts ricochet around his head.

"Okay, Dream," he mutters, aiming for put-upon and lofty but falling closer to hesitantly compliant. On autopilot, he jerks his avatar towards the nearest tree, scrabbling for nonchalance as he punches against the oak.

Dream's fingers are still rubbing winding circles into his waist. When the 'Getting Wood' achievement pops up on screen, he snorts. "Wow, *congrats*, George."

"Are you twelve?" George bites back, flustered at how close the joke skirts towards truth. Dream's hands drag down further, resting easily along the tops of his thighs. George inhales, sharp as glass.

He makes a crafting bench. In return, Dream kneads into his legs, fingers creating waves in the fabric of his sweatpants. "What," George starts, edging dangerously close to breathless, "are you doing?"

Humming, Dream scrapes his nails from the top of George's thighs to the delicate skin against his hip. Blood tugs viciously low, leaving George deliciously lightheaded. "Just messing around," he says, soft and easy. "Is that okay?"

George doesn't respond for a moment. The hands withdraw, and he stutters to life. "Wait," he stammers, controllers falling limp as he winds his fingers around Dream's wrists, yanking them back. "It's -- fine." Frustrated and unable to find the words. "It's... good." Afraid to look back, in case Dream might disappear -- dragged back into the dark like a shade.

"Good," Dream repeats, rocky. Hesitant, the fingers start spiraling into George's legs again, hypnotic. "George, don't... don't stop playing, okay?" And for the first time, Dream sounds -- flustered? Unable to see him, George can only surmise; in a way, it's tantalizingly like all the years before this, when Dream was just a voice that threaded through his head, warm and vibrant and expressive. Again, George stares at the screen and hangs on every sound of him, burning.

"As long as you don't stop watching me, Dream," he murmurs, intentionally pitching his voice low, breathy. A hitched intake of air behind him drags a smirk to his lips. *Too easy*, he thinks, satisfied. *Dream is just too easy*.

He grabs the controllers, attempting to slide back into the rhythm he had before, thoughts a tangled mess as he scans his inventory. After a measured moment, he makes a wooden pickaxe; one of Dream's hands rises up his t-shirt, scratching gently against his ribs.

"You need stone," Dream reminds him, confident as his nails ghost stinging trails across his side. *His hands are big*, George thinks deliriously. Like he could press one to George's torso and leave him utterly vulnerable.

"I know, Dream." Some of his intended venom is lost in its delivery, too distracted by how low Dream's voice has dropped. His eyes flicker down, realizing he's straining against his sweats; blushing viciously, George mines a few pieces of cobble, swiftly upgrading his tools like it might distract Dream from his hard-on pressing insistently through the cotton.

The hand near his waist squeezes against thigh, unyielding. *Broad, big*, George marvels stupidly. Prying his legs apart, pressing him against the wall, long fingers dipping inside of him. Pinning him between his shoulders and flattening him against a desk as Dream -- "Hm," Dream interrupts, hands stilling. George wanders into a cave, thoughtless. "You're -- you're hard, George." Voice thick with wonderment, swallow audible. George flushes further, and shifts pointedly.

"You're not any better," George says, throat like honey. Dream groans, heavy in his ear and twitching behind him. Distracted and buzzing with muddy heat, George gathers the first coal deposit he finds.

"Yeah, but," Dream murmurs, voice weighed by the earnestness driving it. "You're so..." With the lightest touch, he drags a finger up the straining fabric. George gasps, dizzy. "*Exposed*. All for

me.”

“Dream,” George hisses, hands going slack on the controllers as his head thuds back into the jut of Dream’s collarbone. The pressure recedes, and he nearly whines in protest.

“Hey,” Dream chides, hovering annoyingly above his crotch. “Keep going.”

*I hate you*, George thinks stubbornly with his last pockets of lucidity. *I hate you so much. I will never forgive you.* But he picks up the joy-cons, bats away a zombie that was getting too close.

“There you go,” Dream praises gently, and George wants so desperately to feel *offended* or condescended to, but everything is muddled with the rough arousal pulsing through him; instead, something inside him preens, aching for more.

Continuing with the featherlight touches, Dream nuzzles into the soft shell of George’s ear, breathing almost imperceptibly more strained. George numbly places a torch, mines at iron he feels a million miles away from as Dream fiddles with his drawstrings.

“Mm,” Dream hums, dipping his fingers beneath George’s waistband without warning. George chokes weakly, eyes flickering rapidly from the screen to his lap. “Oh,” he breathes, sounding a little surprised when he drags his thumb across George’s leaking head. “Why are you so sticky, baby?”

“Dream,” he protests weakly, legs trembling with the exertion of not jerking up. His grasp on the controllers is slick; he struggles to keep his grip as he jams the right-trigger down.

“I think,” Dream starts, sounding distractingly soft and infuriatingly amused. “You need your pickaxe in your hand to get that iron, George.” He nips at his ear, follows the curve down to press hot open-mouthed kisses along his collar; his hand remains frustratingly still in George’s pants, firm and radiating heat.

“Fuck,” George mutters, fiddling with the hotbar. The moment he’s correctly equipped is a moment of blessed respite; he allows his eyes to flutter and his jaw to tip when Dream sucks, harsh, bruising. “*Fuck.*”

“George,” he sighs, sounding disappointed. Despite himself, George’s brain fires in alarm, seeking urgently to rectify. “You’re done with that vein. Keep going.”

Hissing, George resumes pushing forward, barely noticing when his hand shaking causes him to place too many torches, barely noticing a skeleton in time to dodge and run. After a moment, Dream’s hand twitches to life, curling gently around George’s cock and stroking him once -- aching, agonizingly slow. George *gasps*, overwhelmed with the simple sensation of it, feeling fragile and small against the consuming heat rolling jerkily through his stomach.

“I’ve got you,” Dream mutters, hot against his nape. “I’ll take care of you.” As if to emphasize, he squeezes, jerking a little rougher, and George lets out an embarrassingly high whine.

“Dream,” he breathes, having nothing to say but needing the comfort of the word in his mouth. *Dream, Dream, Dream.* His mind consumed by the thought of him, his senses flaring to life everywhere they meet.

A creeper blows up behind him, sending his hearts plummeting to a meager three, and he scurries distractedly away, accidentally placing blocks instead of eating -- twice.

“You’ll be fine,” Dream says, and suddenly his voice is completely unaffected. Like they could be

making a video together or like when Dream spectates his speedruns. His free hand gestures emphatically towards the screen, an insistent splay of his fingers. "Look, you have enough for everything but a helmet. You... should get out of the caves."

George feels an implied *because you'll die if we keep this up*, but he can hardly disagree. He makes a strangled noise that's supposed to be nonchalant agreement and begins towering.

Without warning, Dream scrapes his teeth against the back of his neck, and something primal in George *shudders*; he drops his head without even thinking, pleasant tingling vibrating down his spine and blood rushing in a thousand different directions. Dream laughs quietly, more puffs of air than anything.

"You're so fun to play with," Dream murmurs. "George." He presses forward, dick hard against George's back, hand sliding firmly back under his shirt. "I didn't know you could sound like *this*." Reverential, as he starts to pump him more consistently, as he bites against his neck again. And as if on-command, George hitches and squirms and whines pathetically, leaking at the feeling of being so enveloped -- Dream holds all of him, pressing a firm thumb to his nipple and grinding down on it in wide circles.

"Ah," George gasps, breathing heavily and stomach rolling magma. "I didn't know it did that." Dream wheezes, pressing a light kiss against his head.

"Does it feel good?" His voice is light with curiosity, pads of his fingers gently skirting the skin.

"...no," George mutters, just to be petulant. There's an unimpressed silence behind him, and then a pinch that has his hips jerking.

"What was that?" Voice the poster-child of innocence. George wrinkles his nose, mouths *what was that?* mockingly to an audience of no one.

"I said that you're actually so annoying." A thoughtful pause. "And I hate you."

"*Oh*," Dream drawls, squeezing vindictively and preening in the resulting hiss from George.

"That's funny. Looks like it's about to be night. Better get moving, George."

"Unbelievable." He shakily scales a mountain, body strung tight in anticipation, center of gravity shifted to the warm, wet heat between his legs. "Do you expect me to beat the *game* like this?" George asks in exasperation, nearing the top. "Because the odds of that are like... astronomically low, Dream--"

"Don't say it," Dream warns.

"--like if I *had* to put a number to it--"

"*George*."

"--It must be something like a one in seven trillion chance."

"I cannot," Dream says flatly, jaw tensed, "*believe* you just referenced that with my hand fully gripping your dick. Why, George? Why?"

George giggles, wriggling in habit and still severely lightheaded; the laughter redoubles when he spots a village from his vantage point. "Yes! Let's *go* !" George titters, giddy with the feeling of winning against Dream, of having the upper hand in their endless back-and-forth, of regaining some sense of dignity in this whirlwind of a situation.

“George,” Dream prods, knocking his head against him.

“Mm?” George twists, beaming -- and feels entirely bowled over when Dream kisses him. Hand dragging up, Dream cradles his jaw possessively, a closed parentheses that slides to his neck, and he *devours* him; mouth soft, kiss demanding, fingers pulling closer, closer, *closer*. Kissing Dream is like nothing else, a new focal gravity, a supercharge of matter needily licking behind his teeth. Stupidly, George stutters to reciprocate, falling limp against and into Dream as his nips at his bottom lip.

With a stuttered gasp, Dream breaks away, face smeared red down to his wet mouth and completely lacking composure. *Maskless*. Like seeing him for the first time again.

“Oh,” George swallows, eyelashes fluttering as his gaze dips up and down Dream, unsure of where to settle. “Um.” Dream stares back, eyes impossibly sharp. The weight of his gaze is inescapable, dangerous -- when it drops, it drags George under.

George finally -- *finally* drops the stupid controllers, fingers threading through Dream’s hair as he stumbles back in, crashing urgently into Dream’s lips. A startled moan vibrates through their open mouths like unfurled smoke, George’s grip turning tight against the nape of his neck. And despite the lack of Minecraft, Dream moves his hand again, agonizing relief as he pumps consistently, firmly.

Panting into Dream’s mouth, George rubs back into Dream’s dick, trying not to whimper at the size of it. Dream groans, loud and unrestrained, flush coating his face.

“S okay,” he rasps brokenly, and the satisfaction George feels is instantaneous. “You first.”

George shakes his head, bites into the hard line of Dream’s jaw. “Both,” he insists. He grinds back again, and Dream hisses.

“No,” Dream says, calm authority creeping back into his voice. “Wanna watch you, Georgie.”

Flustered, George pulls away, thrumming with hot tension. Dream twists his wrist, yanking a whine from the pit of George’s belly. “Oh,” he breathes, fuzzy with arousal. Weak with desire, he flops back against Dream’s chest. “Ah,” when Dream thumbs at his slit. A blurry mess in Dream’s arms, surrounded by the scent and the feel of him, an overload of sensory stimulation that leaves him shaky in the palm of his hand.

“Do you like that?” Dream whispers lightly, free hand pinning him at the sternum. “Being good for me?”

“Mm.” Hips jerking up, chasing the rough drag of Dream’s palm. “Sometimes,” he answers honestly. Fun to be good, to hear Dream soak him with praise, to reward him with winding pleasure until George dissolves into nonsensical gasps. But testing the limits of Dream’s patience, hands pinning and bruising, pace unrelenting until George is babbling -- that could also be fun.

Chuckling, Dream stamps gentle kisses up his neck. “Okay. I can work with that.” He picks the pace up -- still not enough, but George whines with relief anyway, hips stuttering weakly upwards as he chases the mounting pleasure curling inside of him.

“Later,” George starts, mind spinning. “You’ll -- inside?” Embarrassment bars him from clarifying, spoken words spilling out thoughtlessly as a thousand possible futures burn behind his eyes.

Dream rumbles thoughtfully against his ear, sucking at his lobe. “You want that, George? Want my fingers pressing inside you?”

"God, yes," George sighs, bending his arm to grab at Dream's head. The fingers around him squeeze, slick with George's precum and grinding against his dick; pressure builds hotly, pulling George along brokenly.

"You sound so desperate, baby." Dream's voice scrapes along his throat, raw and rough. "You like it when I touch you? You like grinding against my hand?"

George voice edges embarrassingly close to a whimper as he claws into the couch. "*Please*," he whines, chasing Dream's fist thoughtlessly, mind blurry with endless heat and his stammering heart. "Want you, need you."

"Yeah?" Dream presses, strokes hard and quick. Slick noises fill the space, George entranced by the sight of Dream's fist bobbing inside his sweatpants. "Bet you want me to fuck you nice and hard into the couch. You'd let me do whatever I like to you."

"Ah," George chokes, too far gone to stop himself from nodding emphatically. "Yes, yes, Dream, *c'mon*."

"Good boy," Dream murmurs, twisting his wrist, fingers gliding easily against his wet length. "So good, so pretty."

"*Please*," George begs, shattered, consumed by every touch between them, a fusebox sparking erratically inside him, unable to think anything beyond *it's too good, it's too much, it's too good --*

"You're gonna make such a mess," Dream tuts, somehow pulling off disappointment and breathlessness in one fell swoop. "You gonna come all over my hand?" The tugs get rougher, faster, George caught in the crossfire.

"I'll clean it up," he babbles, legs jittering uncontrollably as it gets closer, closer. "Just please, please, *Dream --*"

"It's okay," he soothes, nails scraping low on his stomach. "I've got you. You can let go, baby; I've got you."

With a whine, George presses up into Dream's hand and spills endlessly, shaking with overwhelming pleasure and panting as he's stroked through it. He collapses into it, hips falling and arms slacking, but Dream chases him, milking him through every last pulse until George is hissing from overstimulation. They take a beat to catch their breath, panting suddenly deafening in the newly quiet living room.

Dream presses a lingering kiss against the crown of George's head as he carefully extracts his hand from George's sweatpants. "Okay?"

"Mm," George agrees, both weightless and entirely too heavy. A series of contradictions crowd his body, a warzone of languid pleasure and humid exhaustion. "Gross though," he decides, rolling away from Dream.

Dream considers his hand, eyeing a string of white that connects his thumb and forefinger. "You said you'd clean it," he teases, pushing it forward insistently.

George blinks at him, pointing towards the hall. "Bathroom's that way. Now I've helped."

"You're an idiot," Dream scoffs, but stands nonetheless. Before he turns, George catches him by the fabric of his pants.

“Hey,” he says, swallowing hard as his eyes flicker down to Dream’s crotch. “Don’t take care of that in there, yeah? I want to...” He trails off, unsure of what to settle on. Dream considers him, gaze dark and magnetic.

“Okay,” he whispers, chewing at his lip. “I’ll just...” He gestures vaguely. “Meet me in my bedroom?”

George nods, stiff and immediate. “Yeah.” Dream nods back, dazed, before a grin starts to tug at his mouth; he coughs awkwardly, turning sharply and disappearing beyond the archway.

Head still spinning, George glances toward the TV.

"Huh," he mutters, blinking at the screen. "I died."

## End Notes

don't share with ccs obviously for the love of god did you read this???? i'm shy

anyway tysm for reading!! if u are also shy and don't want to leave a comment, please consider leaving a kudos if u enjoyed!! and if this has somehow moved u to want to follow me on tumblr, my url is technoblacle <3

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